

# World-News

VOL. VII.

CHILLICOTHE, LIVINGSTON CO., MISSOURI, THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1883.

NO. 7.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

New York will pay ten cents a quart of milk after October 1.

The mayor of Philadelphia threatens to rail every pool-room.

The Salvation Army Captain, Booth by name, is engaged in a revision of the Bible.

King Alfonso has lost his youthful face and has the appearance of having gone to seed.

It is estimated that the profits of the English carrying trade exceed \$775,000,000 per year.

A hall was recently bowled against a young English cricketeer's forehead, killing him instantly.

The crozier in toothache drops administered to a New York boy cured the pain but killed the boy.

Bismarck, the mind-reader, whose feats have astonished the world, has had his pocket picked in London.

A New York woman has been sentenced to one month's imprisonment for attempting to commit suicide.

Mrs. McGinnis, of Buzzard Roost, Whitefield county, Ga., held out as long as she dared, and then at 108 was baptized.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company proposes a twenty-four hour clock. The Bostonian process, and says the next move will be to make eight days in every week.

The health officer at Cleveland has discovered that pink popovers that are sold at churches and other places are poisonous, because of the admixture of the coloring process.

A family in Port Jackson, N. Y., was poisoned recently and became seriously ill from eating head cheese, which is thought to have been poisoned by being made in a brass kettle.

A young lady of Potomac, Pa., who has been afflicted for a number of years with spinal disease, claims to have been cured by prayer, recently, and is now able to perform household duties.

A skeleton of an Indian, supposed to have been killed during the Seminole war, was unearthed recently, by J. W. Shallen, of Daytona, Fla., while making an excavation in the rear of his yard.

Two brothers, twins, of Syracuse and Elmira, N. Y., are identical twins. Each weighs about the same at 137 pounds, and are of the same dimensions, and both are in the same business.

An Arkansas man, who was in a hurry to meet his bride, the other night, frightened her, a year ago, and died, by death threatening to call her from her bed in the night, did not go to sleep.

The finger doctors say there will be a hard winter because of the large crop of snowflakes, while in Nevada the Patrons of the plow there will be light winter for the reason that the crop of pine nuts is light.

A young woman at Grinnell, Iowa, was followed home by a youth whom she disliked. She warned him to leave her, but as he persisted in his attentions and hit him on the head with a quart bottle of patent medicine which she carried.

A Missouri farmer, living in Utah, became afflicted with the sunstroke, recently and sent for a couple of "brothers," and, so the story goes, through the power of God, which accompanied their ministrations, was instantly healed.

A Milford, Conn., correspondent estimates that there has been an average of two thousand whitethills killed daily for the last thirty days, and says that it has been nothing but a useless wholesale slaughter of the fish during the summer.

The pastures of southern Illinois must be in pretty bad shape. Upon examining the stomach of one of his dead cows recently, Mr. A. C. Laughlin, of Deatur, was surprised to find therein a handful of broken nails and other bits of iron.

It was said of a certain governor of New York state that such was his passion for pardoning that when a barber who had the misfortune to cut him exclaimed, "Bar pardon, governor," he promptly replied, "Certainly, just put your hand into my inside pocket and take one. I always carry a few pardons about me already signed."

The negroes about Washington, Ga., are considerably alarmed. There is a report among them that there are some students out getting up babies, dead or alive, just as it suits them, for the medical colleges. A coffin and skeleton were chalked on the door of one of the negroes, and he is fully convinced that he has been spotted. At one of their churches, a few nights ago, the alarm was so great that many of them were afraid to go home.

Mr. John Roach gives some instructive figures as to the sums expended for naval construction by various nations during the last eighteen years. England has spent \$150,000,000; France, \$88,000,000; Germany, \$37,000,000; Russia, \$35,000,000; Turkey, \$32,000,000; Brazil, \$10,000,000; Chili, \$7,000,000. And the great United States of America, with thousands of miles of sea coast, has spent on its navy since the close of the war only \$3,000,000—less than half the sum wasted this year in the improvement of crooks a few miles long and a few feet deep!

## CORRECTION OF THE STAIRS.

In the early fall of the year, weary day, with a quiet step I entered  
Where the children were at play,  
I was breathing of some trouble  
That had not met me before.  
When a little voice came chiming,  
"Mama, creep up the stairs!"

At the tender heart-strings  
With a breath and free desire,  
And such feelings awakened  
As no words can ever describe.  
When I turned to see my darling,  
All forgetful of my cares,  
And I saw the little creature  
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

Step by step she bravely climbed  
Over her little hands and knees,  
Reaching up a constant clattering  
Like the music of the trees.  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
And then her mother's face,  
She gazed up, and a vision  
Of her mother's face.

these very gold pieces, and women are getting rid of them, and that makes it bad, you see."

And so they drove away from the little crowd that had gathered about the carriage, and Miss Samuels found herself in the presence of a justice of the peace.

The shopkeeper made his change, but she had collected her senses. She gave her address, the name of her pastor, of her friends, and of influential persons in Hometown.

"It is modifying to be changed with a thing," she said, "that you will soon find that I am not connected with a band of embezzlers. I inherited half a million from my father, and I am now a poor girl."

Many commands civility as a general thing. Everyone became immensely polite. The lawyer was telegraphed and came in a tremendous state of excitement.

He questioned his client as to her possession of the money, and her vague answers led him to believe that she was desirous to abscond some one from suspicion.

"The truth must be told, my dear young lady," he said. "We will not put you out. You good friend, make you desire to protect an unworthy person, but for your own sake you must put your own name on it."

And so the little Miss Samuels kissed the Bible, and the questions were asked:

"Where did you get this gold piece?" From a man on the street.

"What was the man's name?" "I do not know."

"Why did he give it to you?" "He asked me if I had lost it."

"And you said?" "I said I had not lost it."

"Did he say he had lost it?" "Yes, he said he had lost it."

"How do you know?" "I saw him pick it up, and he said he had lost it."

"It is a very common trick and generally succeeds," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

## SCIENCE AND THE OYSTER.

Some Interesting Experiments with the Oyster—Artificial Culture.

The oyster has of late years, from its great economic value, attracted the attention of scientific men of all countries, and especially in this country have many successful experiments been made. Prof. Brooks, of the Johns Hopkins university, made the first successful attempt in the artificial propagation of the eggs of the oyster.

A single oyster lays about two millions of eggs, which are found in the gills of the animal. They soon commence to move about by means of delicate cilia, and then are hatched and called fry.

They are now independent—free swimming creatures, but shortly cease to move about and attach themselves to the bottom, the shell, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, being easily discernible.

At the end of the first year they reproduce, but do not attain their perfect growth until the second year. The incubation of oyster eggs is the great business of the future, and in a few years, probably, the dealer can go to a hatchery and order 500,000,000 fry, more or less.

The present difficulty is not in the incubation of the eggs, but in the young fry, and to this end, experiments are being made in various parts of the world.

Another important question affecting the oyster is, consequently, the size of the oyster. Every oyster grower knows the difference between Blue Point, Silverpoint, and Virginia oysters, and the supposition is that their food is the cause of the difference.

Prof. Brooks, of the Johns Hopkins university, has been studying the oyster, particularly in the oyster beds, and he has found that the oyster is a very common trick and generally succeeds.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen."

The lawyer took the lady home, and in her room, Miss Samuels, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her heart that she was innocent. No matter how often she was arrested, she would not be convicted.

"It is clear that Miss Samuels did not know that the money was stolen," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss